

Who Will Feed The People?
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

If they take away my farm,
If they pull me off the plow,
Tell me, who will feed the people?
Hell, the banker don't know how.
It's all pages in a mystery,
That he'll never understand,
Tell me, who will feed the people,
If they put me off my land?
If they call in all my loans,
If they call the auctioneer,
Tell me, who will bring the crops in,
With no farm folks living here?
Will the banker run the combine,
Will the agent bale the hay?
Tell me, who will feed the people,
If they take my farm away?

When my great-granddaddy Jakob, ninety-seven years ago,
Broke this sod behind two oxen, broke his back to make it grow.
Taught his sons by his example, as they taught their sons in turn,
What this topsoil had to teach him, great-granddaddy tried to learn.
If they put us on the road,
If they tell us we must go,
Who will come to take our places,
Who'll know half the things we know?
Who'll know every inch of topsoil,
As it trickles through the hand?
Tell me, who will feed the people,
If they put me off my land?

- Instrumental -

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That he'll never understand,
Tell me, who will feed the people,
If they put me off my land?
It's all pages in a mystery,
That he'll never understand,
Tell me, who would feed the people,
If they put me off my land?